

A decorative border in a black and white line-art style. It features stylized flowers and leaves in the corners and along the bottom edge. The flowers have five petals and a central dot. The leaves are long and pointed. The border is composed of vertical lines on the sides and horizontal lines at the top and bottom, with floral motifs integrated into these lines.

FREEDOM TO THE IMPRISONED WHO FIGHT FOR THE IDEALS OF ANARCHY

A SHORT COMIC ON THE FUNERAL OF PETER KROPOTKIN

“But we do not fear you or your hangmen. Soviet ‘justice’ may kill us, but you will never kill our ideals. We shall die as anarchists and not as bandits.”

- The anarchist Fedor Petrovich Machanovski at his trial
December 1922

FOR THOSE FALLEN IN A TITANIC STRUGGLE



FEBRUARY 13TH 1921 SEVEN ANARCHISTS
STEPPED OUT OF A BOLSHEVIK
PRISON.

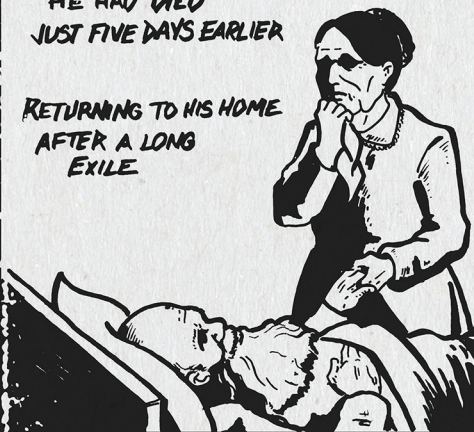
ARON AND FANYA BARON
OLGA TARATUTA
DAVID KOGAN
ALEKSANDR GUEVSKY
MARK MRATCHNY
AND ALEKSY
OLONETSKY
WERE ALL
FREED FOR
ONE DAY

TO ACCOMPANY PETER
KROPOTKIN'S CASKET TO
IT'S FINAL RESTING
PLACE...



HE HAD DIED
JUST FIVE DAYS EARLIER

RETURNING TO HIS HOME
AFTER A LONG
EXILE



ONLY TO SEE HIS DREAM OF
A REVOLUTION CRUSHED BY THE
BRUTALITY OF THE BOLSHEVIK
COUNTER REVOLUTION.

HIS FUNERAL WOULD BE THE
LAST "LEGAL" ANARCHIST EVENT
IN RUSSIA FOR SIXTY SEVEN YEARS

NEIGHBORS BROUGHT HIS CASKET
TO THE TRAIN STATION.

HE WAS KNOWN IN HIS SMALL
VILLAGE NOT JUST FOR HIS WORK IN THE
LOCAL COOPERATIVES, BUT FOR RIDING A
PENNYFARTHING, WINNING THE SHARP SHOOTER
CONTEST



AND TEACHING YOUTH ON
THE DEFENSE OF BARRICADES
THROUGH SNOWFORTS

IN MOSCOW
ANARCHISTS
BEGAN TO
ORGANIZE
HIS FUNERAL
PROCESSION

THEIR IMMEDIATE DEMAND
THE RELEASE OF THEIR IMPRISONED
COMRADES FOR THE DAY

NOV 25th 1920

THREE HUNDRED
WERE ARRESTED
ON THE EVE OF
AN ANARCHIST
CONFERENCE.

AS PART OF TROTSKY'S
MAJOR "SURGICAL
OPERATION" AGAINST
THE ANARCHISTS
BLACK CROSS
OFFICES AND
MAKHNOVIST HQ'S
WERE TARGETED
TOO

THOUSANDS WERE IN PRISON



UNIVERSITY GROUPS
COMPILED LISTS OF
ANARCHIST STUDENTS
WHO OFFERED TO
SERVE AS HOSTAGES
AGREEING
TO IMMEDIATE
ARREST IF THE
TEMPORARILY
FREED DID
NOT RETURN

STILL
THEY
REFUSED



BUT
MOUNTING ANARCHIST
PRESENCE IN MOSCOW
GUARANTEED RIOTS IF THEY DIDN'T RELENT..

THEY FINALLY AGREED
WHEN ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN BACKED
THE ANARCHISTS

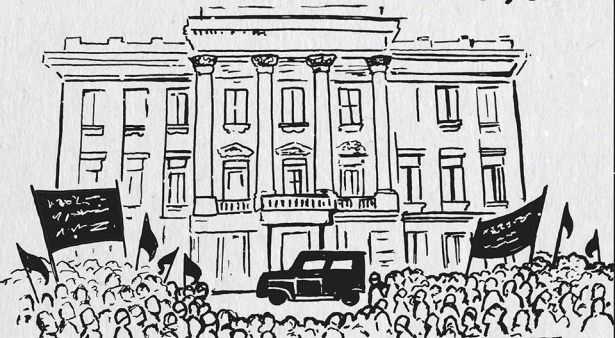
"THE ANARCHISTS
HAVE PROMISED TO
REMOVE THE WREATHS
OF THE COMMUNIST
PARTY FROM THE
PROCESSION.

AND I WILL
SUPPORT
THEM WHEN
THEY DO!"



BUT ONLY SEVEN WERE RELEASED

A CAR TOOK THE RELEASED PRISONERS TO
THE HALL OF UNIONS WHERE THE CASKET WAITED.
THEY WERE GREETED BY A CROWD OF 60,000



1. 2. 3. 4.
1. 2. 3. 4.

THE SHADOW
OF THE CHEKA
LOOMED IN
THE HALL OF
COLUMNS.



"THEY HAVE TRIED TO SMOTHER
OUR MOVEMENT. HARDLY AN
ANARCHIST WALKS FREE
IN UKRAINE. IN THEIR
DAMNED CELLS PESTERED
BY INTERROGATORS,
TORTURED
HUNTED
DRIVEN

"HISTORY IS
NOT
MADE BY
THEM ALONE

THOUGH THEY TRY TO
SEIZE IT, HISTORY DOES
NOT END WITH THEM
EVEN THOUGH THEY
MOUNT THEIR HORSE
VICTORIOUS.

THE VOICES OF THE
UNQUIET DEAD AND
THE TRUE HISTORY
OF THE PAST WILL
ONCE AGAIN RING
OUT.

THE REVOLUTION
STARVES AND
FREEZES IN
THEIR PRISONS"

FOR US...THE PURSUIT OF FREEDOM
IS WORTHY IN ITSELF
AND WE WILL CONTINUE OUR STRUGGLE

THEY ARE THE
MURDERERS OF
MORALS
THE EXECUTIONERS
OF THE REVOLUTION
AND THEIR BROTHERS"

COME LET US BURY OUR FRIEND

WE SING OUR SONG UNDER THUNDER AND FURY

UNDER BULLETS AND SHELLS

UNDER BLAZING FIRES
UNDER THE BLACK BANNER

OF A
TITANIC
STRUGGLE

ALL POWER
IS
POISON

WHERE THERE
IS POWER
THERE IS
VIOLENCE

WE SING OF THE UNCOUNTED

CAPTURED BY FATE

TORTURED IN PRISONS

KILLED ON THE BLOCK

THEY FOUGHT

FOR TRUTH

AND FELL

IN HEROIC

UNEQUITABLE
STRUGGLE

ON THE LONG MARCH THROUGH THE SNOW THEY SANG

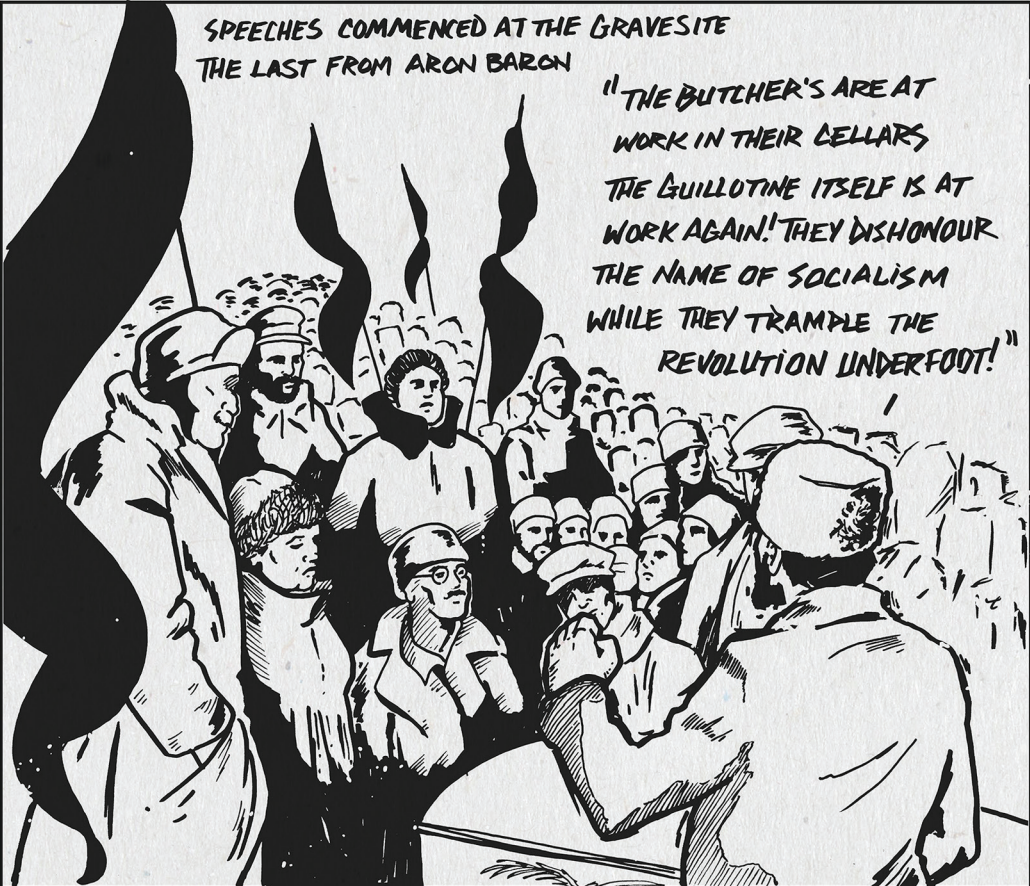
TO THE
OWNED
OR THE
POOTKIN
ARCHY

LE
SS
Y



SPEECHES COMMENCED AT THE GRAVESITE
THE LAST FROM ARON BARON

"THE BUTCHER'S ARE AT
WORK IN THEIR CELLARS
THE GUILLOTINE ITSELF IS AT
WORK AGAIN! THEY DISHONOUR
THE NAME OF SOCIALISM
WHILE THEY TRAMPLE THE
REVOLUTION UNDERFOOT!"



AFTER A NIGHT FREE WITH THEIR COMRADES
THE SEVEN ANARCHISTS RETURNED TO THE DUNGEON
ONLY THREE WOULD SURVIVE THE BOLSHEVIK

FANYA BARON, SHOT IN A CHEKA CELLAR LATER THAT YEAR
DAVID KOGAN SHOT DEAD 1922
ARON BARON AND OLGA TARATUTA SHOT DEAD IN STALIN'S PURGES

ALEKSEY OLONETSKEY DIED 1965
MARK MRATCHNY DIED 1975
ALEKSANDR GUEVSKY'S FATE IS UNKNOWN



FANYA BARON

Born in 1889 or 1890 in Vilnius, Lithuania as Freydla Grek (later changed to Grefenson). Emigrated to Chicago with her family after the failed 1905 revolution. An active participant in the hunger marches and strikes in 1912 with Lucy Parsons. Returned to Russia after the 1917 revolution and organized with the Nabat. Arrested during the raid on November 25th 1920 on the Free Brotherhood Bookstore. She and eight others, including David Kogan, would escape after being transferred to the Ryazan prison. While working with Aron's brother to plan a prison escape for him, she was identified and arrested again. Murdered by the Cheka on September 30th 1921.

DAVID KOGAN THE LITTLE CHRIST.

Vegetarian and militant. Born in 1890. Secretary of the Anarchist Federation of Samara and editor of the Black Banner publication there. He lived through the occupation of Kharkiv by Denikin's troops, where he had stayed to continue publishing and organizing. He was arrested and in Denikin's cells, but managed to escape. Member of the cultural-educational department of the Makhnovists and Secretariat to the Nabat. He was arrested in the Free Brotherhood Bookstore raid. In 1921 he, along with eight others, escaped the Ryazan prison. He was discovered and re-arrested in 1922 along with Ivan Akhtyrsky. Comrades local and international sought information and freedom for them, but they had disappeared. They were assumed dead by 1924. Their fates only uncovered in 2022.

ARON BARON

Baker and anarchist. Born in 1891 in Ukraine as Aron Davydovych Baron. Participated in the 1905 revolution and was sent to exile in Siberia in 1907. Escaped to Chicago in 1912 where he married Fanya. Writer for the *Alarm*, the second incarnation of Albert and Lucy Parsons paper. Returned to Russia after the 1917 revolution where

he organized with the Baker's union, fought in Black Army detachments, and was elected as a Secretariat to the Nabat. Arrested in the Free Brotherhood Bookstore raid in 1920. Separated from Fanya in prison, he and others staged a massive hunger strike which received International support. After which he was sent into exile where he continued to resist, even setting himself on fire in protest. He remarried Fanya Avrutskaya and they had a child together, named Voltairine. He was murdered during Stalin's purges in 1937.

OLGA TARATUTA

Grandmother of Russian anarchism. Born in 1876 in Ukraine as Elka Golda Elievna Ruvinskaia. She spanned multiple generation of the anarchist movement. Organized with the motiveless-terror group *Chernoe Znamia* (Black Banner) group along with her sister and brother in law. She married Alexander Taratuta (thought the couple soon parted) and they had a son together named Lenya. Helped prepare the bombing of the Libman Cafe in 1905, where she was spared execution due to the young age of her son. Sentenced to hard labour but escaped. She was arrested again when planning to blow up a prison in 1908 and not freed until the 1917 revolution. After her release she organized with the Black Cross, Nabat, and Makhnovists. Arrested in the Free Brotherhood Bookstore raid. Eventually freed, and organized the underground smuggling ring of anarchist texts through the empire. Continued agitating until her death. Murdered during Stalin's purges in 1938.

Based on the Article

From Prison to the Cemetery: How Ukrainian and Moscow Anarchists Turned Kropotkin's Funeral into a Political Rally

by Anatoly Dubovik

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/mcvgbm>

KROPOTKIN'S FUNERAL

lyrics and song by
EMMETT DOYLE

The jangling of the keys tolls the hour to make our way
In burying a friend we have our freedom for a day
Our eyes no longer used to the sun upon our face
Our hands no longer used to a comrade's warm embrace

Through and through the crowds, I wander for a while
Looking through the masses for a friend's familiar smile
A face I still remember, a voice I know too well
I've heard it every night through the walls of the cell

Now riding in the carriage, the old man goes to his rest
Those hands that lifted up our spirits, folded on his chest
His smiling cheeks were somber, his brow cold and white
His eyes closed to sleep where they used to flash so bright

News from the factory councils, under the party's chain
And the story of our comrades, butchered in Ukraine
Clattering past the flags black as storm clouds overhead
A rumbling in the streets hungry for liberty and bread

Behind his wire glasses, his eyes a sunken cave
A comrade from the cells spoke above the old man's grave
He spoke of revolution, and the fading of its spark
In the shadow of the Cheka and the guillotine at work

And with the old man buried, the soldier and his gun
Comes to take me back from the cold wind and the sun
Don't be so quick, comrade, in bidding me adieu
For I may see you soon, though I hope I never do"

